

SHOT

with a

CAMERA.

A NOVELTY IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

ON A CAMEL'S BACK.

An "Evening World" Reporter Rides in Barnum's Great Parade.

A Tooth and Nail Fight to Retain His Aerial Perch.

"Hank's" Playful Antics and the Reporter's Wild Dismay.

An Evening World reporter rode a camel in Barnum & Bailey's parade of the greatest show on earth last night. This morning he wishes he hadn't. He is sore and lame in every joint and limb, but then he has experienced a new sensation which was extraordinary if not delightful.



Two days ago he applied to "Tody" Hamilton, press agent of the show, for permission to ride a camel in the parade. Tody advised him not to. The reporter insisted that he must ride. Thereupon Mr. Hamilton consulted with Mr. Barnum. The latter was slow to give consent, saying there was too much risk for an inexperienced rider.

However, his scruples were finally overcome, and then Mr. Hamilton introduced the reporter to George Conkling, chief animal trainer, who in turn took the reporter to Mr. Hyatt, chief of the menagerie, who took him to William Dugro, who took him to Billy White, who said very curtly: "Fix him for a camel, eh? All right. We are short of camel riders. I am glad you volunteered. Report for work at noon on Friday."

So at noon yesterday the reporter blithely presented himself to Mr. White in the big show tent on the Polo Grounds. "Come with me," he remarked pleasantly, and soon the would-be rider of the

camel was in a dressing-room crowded with men of all nationalities, who were hurrying hither and thither amidst a mass of bearded lights and costumes of every description.

High up on a pile of boxes perched Mr. Dugro, with a cane in hand, and a voice that could be heard in all parts of the tent, he directed the dressing of the men who were to take part in the procession.

"You are not shaved," he said to one. "Only clean men can travel with us to-night."

You are too slow. The parade would have to wait for you. The remark he made in dismissing a fat man who was vainly struggling to get into a pair of tight-fitting trousers was not lost on the reporter.

All through this district remarks about the camel riders were more forcible than policy. It did not seem possible that there could be so many people in New York as

stood along the line and watched that parade, and every one of them seemed struck with the appearance of Hank and his camel. Hank's camel was not much to make of him and his rider.

It was 7 o'clock when the reporter mounted Hank, and he was still in the saddle at midnight, by which time the parade had got back as far as One Hundred and Tenth street and Tenth avenue, where there was another tedious delay, and it was not until 12:30 o'clock this morning that the big parade was breaking up on the Polo Grounds.

Then a very weak reporter scrambled from Hank and dropped on the ground. He could not stand. His lower limbs seemed to be paralyzed.

Mr. Conkling helped him up, and remarked quite generously that the young man from the Evening World would come up and ride Hank at any time, but that reporter will never board Hank nor any other camel again. He has quit the show business.

He saw little or none of the parade, and only has a hazy recollection of the general appearance of the animals when he tried to greet friends in the crowd along the route.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT. Hank, to-day, but if you must, I suppose you must, and I will give you the most agreeable camel you ever saw.

Thereupon he took the reporter and hustled him on side of a big, quiet-looking camel named Hank.

The reporter tried to make friends with Hank by calling him old fellow and so forth, but Hank would not have it. For a camel with the reputation of being quiet and gentle under any circumstances to behave very badly indeed.

His first real ride action was to sink down nearly to the ground, and then to rise with a motion that made the reporter think he was surely going to be thrown to the canvas rolling down, but he shut his eyes, clinched his teeth and managed to hold on.

The other riders about Hank's playfulness, as they termed it, but it was not funny a bit.

Then Hank took a notion to prut, apparently, for he went down on the knees of his forelegs, while the amateur rider held on for dear life.

It seemed an age before the word was given to start, and Hank, who was harassed to a dimly little cuse called Boston, lumbered ahead.

Hank and Boston led the procession of camels, and they started a few one of the musical organ wagons on a dead run. Following them were a dozen others.

The grounds were not cleared before shouts and cries for help from the rear showed that at that early stage of the game some one had come to grief.

The mad gallop never ceased until Seventh avenue was reached, and then the reporter was dripping with perspiration from the exertion of his ride.

Hank is not a very big animal nor very vicious looking, when viewed from the ground, but he seemed to grow very large and larger while THE EVENING WORLD young man was on his back last night.

The talk about the graceful gait of the camel is false, or else Hank liels his race. He travelled in a slow, steady, and unvarying gait, and he seemed to grow very large and larger while THE EVENING WORLD young man was on his back last night.

THE MORNING WORLD.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

A UNIQUE TALK WITH A UNIQUE MAN.

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